

DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 267 401

CS 209 565

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TITLE Developmental Writing and the Efficacy of Joyce.
PUB DATE 9 Apr 84
NOTE 29p.; Paper presented at the Conference on Developmental Education, "Crisis in American Schooling? Implications for Theory and Practice in Developmental Education" (3rd, Brooklyn, NY, April 9, 1984).
PUB TYPE Guides - Classroom Use - Guides (For Teachers) (052)
-- Viewpoints (120) -- Speeches/Conference Papers (150)
EDRS PRICE MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS Authors; Basic Skills; *Cohesion (Written Composition); Higher Education; Paragraph Composition; *Prewriting; Revision (Written Composition); *Sentence Structure; Teaching Methods; *Writing Exercises; *Writing Instruction; Writing Processes
IDENTIFIERS *Developmental Writing; *Joyce (James)

ABSTRACT

James Joyce's use of interior monologue (the interior self of the character is given directly, as though the reader were overhearing an articulation of the stream of thought and feeling flowing through the character's mind) can help basic writers in developmental classes. Students can be given excerpts from Joyce and asked to turn the sentence fragments, the stuff of Joyce's interior monologue, into sentences. In addition, students can rearrange the sentences they thus form into coherent paragraphs. Students are thus revising, which is a creative process, and not simply editing, which is a mechanical chore. Students can also write their own fragments and run-ons, in the style of Joyce's monologues, as a prewriting activity. Later, Joyce's interior monologues can be used to demonstrate the rationale for, and the inevitability of, grammatical form and syntactical control. One of the most famous of the narrative elements in "Ulysses" is the list. Emerging in "Cyclops" and in "Circe" are amusing, often bizarre lists, which, presented piecemeal, function most effectively as stimuli in exercises for formulating generalizations. Joyce, then, as a course in prewriting, teaches developing writers how to generate material and get words and phrases on the page in raw form. (HOD)

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DEVELOPMENTAL WRITING
AND THE EFFICACY OF JOYCE

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A Paper Presented at
Crisis in American Schooling?
Implications for Theory and Practice
in Developmental Education
Third Conference on Developmental Education
Sponsored by
The Department of Educational Services/SEEK
Brooklyn College of The City University of New York
April 9, 1984

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Frederick K. Lang

CS 209 565

I am afraid I must begin by confirming your worst suspicions. Yes: I am referring to that Joyce, James Joyce--the author of Dubliners, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Ulysses and Finnegans Wake. (I have listed his four major works, although, as you will soon see, I find that the "efficacy of Joyce" resides primarily in Dubliners and Ulysses.) And yes: I realize that Joyce is a figure who has daunted some of the most dedicated and resourceful scholars of modern British literature--or, in this day and age, should I be saying modern "Irish" literature? I realize that juxtaposing the name "Joyce" with the rubric "developmental writing" results in a controversial title, that declaring Joyce efficacious in teaching developmental writing will strike many of my colleagues as outrageous, the demented fantasy of a mind burnt out by too many hours on the academic frontline.

However, to come under suspicion an advocate of Joyce need not be so audacious as to link him with developmental writing: extolling his "efficacy" even with respect to less extreme circumstances has frequently meant becoming involved in controversy, finding oneself in the role of intellectual provocateur. Whenever and wherever Joyce's works have been read--and often, we must assume, concurrently "read about," in a helpful companion work such as Tindall's Reader's Guide--the responses have been as

diverse and complex as the styles and the techniques he employs. At one time Joyce was considered a pornographic writer, and I am sure he still is, somewhere by someone: Ulysses, as you know, though published in 1922, was banned in this country until 1933. (I am told that it has always been legal to purchase a copy in Ireland, but that many booksellers still refuse to stock them.) On the other hand, many readers find Joyce fastidiously indirect with regard to matters carnal: what sexual activity there is in Ulysses, for example, and unfortunately there is not much, either takes place off stage (Molly Bloom's adultery) or is obscured by the density of the narrative (Leopold Bloom's masturbation).

Some critics consider Joyce as pessimistic as Samuel Beckett, his friend and, for a while, his amanuensis. Others, myself included, find him hilarious, think of him as primarily a comic genius: sequences of Ulysses and Finnegans Wake are, I feel, literary equivalents of the best of Chaplin--whom Joyce's daughter admired--and of the Marx Brothers--Groucho, the intellectual Marx, admired her father. (A small example of Joyce's funny way with words: in Ulysses Simon Dedalus looks up at the sky to check the weather and declares that "It's as uncertain as a child's bottom": 90.) Though Joyce once said he had the mind of a grocer's clerk, there are critics, and I count myself among these, who regard him as one of the most imaginative and innovative

writers in the language. Others, alas, find Joyce trite, boring, repetitious: an inept teller of "nonstories." In short, with respect to James Joyce--the man, the work, the reputation--there have been many staunch advocates, many persistent detractors, but few, very few neutrals.

Often the controversy surrounding Joyce is due to, or at least agitated by, what some see as his "difficulty": I am referring to the alleged obscurity of his style(s), to the supposed impenetrability of his technique(s). And I realize it must seem to you that by raising this point I am in fact undermining my case for Joyce's efficacy in teaching developmental writing. However, I believe I should be honest enough to confront head on the objection that Joyce is inaccessible to most English majors, never mind students in developmental courses. Furthermore, I wish to savor the notion that Joyce is a "difficult" writer, for it is only by doing so that I can demonstrate his efficacy: it is only by highlighting the "problems" with respect to Joyce that I can convince you of his usefulness in solving other sorts of problems, those faced by the teacher of developmental writing.

Because her students require more motivation as well as more direction than other composition students, such a teacher must devise, unfailingly, assignments that are both imaginative and purposive, both stimulating and

judicious. More than any other writer in the language, Joyce provides her with material conducive to that kind of assignment. True: there are writers in English more prolific than Joyce--Faulkner, for example, and D. H. Lawrence. And it is not simply a matter of Joyce's conspicuousness in every major literary genre: he is often regarded as an unoriginal poet, a failed playwright. It is of course as a master of prose that Joyce is venerated: he is perhaps the greatest novelist in the language, and he is certainly the most innovative novelist in any language. It is because Joyce did so very much in and with prose--because he mastered it in all its forms and then invented new ones--that his work is valuable to any teacher of prose writing, and invaluable to the teacher of developmental writing.

In short, it is that which is most difficult about Joyce, difficult according to the conventional wisdom, which renders him most efficacious. And in order to support this seemingly outrageous assertion I find I must enlist the aid of another writer seldom, if ever, invoked in discussions of developmental writing: Albert Camus. I am not calling upon Camus to testify in Joyce's behalf, to serve as a kind of character witness. In fact, Camus did not appreciate Joyce--though he idolized Faulkner, whose mature work would not exist had Joyce chosen the Catholic priesthood over the priesthood of the eternal imagination. Somewhere, in

a notebook entry, I believe, Camus insists that "What is touching in Joyce is not the work but the fact of having undertaken it." This may be what Stephen Dedalus would refer to as a "sidethrust"; but it is, nonetheless, an appealing and useful appraisal of Joyce, who undertook a very great deal, perhaps more than any writer in English, with the obvious exception of Shakespeare, had previously dared to.

I am not referring to "content" in any traditional sense. (Prof. William York Tindall used to give his graduate students a mnemonic device for keeping track of Joyce's themes--three f's: for faith, family and fatherland.) What Joyce undertook in his later fiction especially was a quest for definitiveness, for evoking in minute detail both the external world his protagonists inhabited and the internal world which inhabited each of them. He committed himself to a scrupulous examination, a vividly particularized rendering, of both physical setting and psychological typography--of the visible and the invisible, of place and of mind. The undertaking was enormous, and to accomplish it Joyce had to steal the technique of "direct interior monologue," in which "the interior self of the character is given directly, as though the reader were overhearing an articulation of the stream of thought and feeling flowing through the character's mind" (Holman 274). I did say "steal":

the victim was the French novelist Edouard Dujardin. No matter: Virginia Woolf was later to steal the technique of interior monologue from Joyce.

Having called upon Dujardin and Woolf, I can now attempt to expand upon that quotation from Camus: What is efficacious in Joyce for the teacher of developmental writing is not the work in the sense that it is "great literature," but the fact of the author's having undertaken it--his having incorporated such a great deal into his fiction, his having discovered and refined a technique that allowed him to do so.

But before sharing some of Joyce's interior monologue with you, I would like to make a few observations about it, in the hope of distinguishing what is truly difficult from what is only thought to be difficult by those perhaps too frightened by English teachers to take a look for themselves. We may find direct interior monologue difficult to follow at first, not only because it is as idiosyncratic and apparently unstructured as an articulation of our own flow of thought would be if it were suddenly offered to another person, especially a total stranger, but also because the monologue is mixed in with traditional narrative, so that we face a kind of "double writing." The first difficulty is overcome as we grow more familiar with a particular character, just as an initial awkwardness or sense of insecurity with

regard to a stranger is eased when information is exchanged, contact established. The solution to the second difficulty is a matter of increasing familiarity also, with Joyce's strategy--which is basically a simple one. Very often the topic sentence is narrative, the remainder of the paragraph direct interior monologue. But the monologue itself, as we shall soon see, is far from being as intimidating as some critics would have us believe. According to one linguist, in the direct interior monologue of Ulysses "it seems evident that Joyce did not break too many rules at a time. If he chose strange vocabulary or invented new words his syntax was to a certain extent conventional. With normal vocabulary he allowed himself more freedom in syntax. He had systematic rules according to which he built his sentences" (Dahl 119). And, as we shall see, these rules are quite easy to learn, for students as well as teachers.

Students in developmental courses are usually considered unsophisticated to the point of deficiency and are generally characterized as merely "basic writers." However, not only has the difficulty of Joyce been exaggerated, but the abilities of these writers--"developing writers," as I prefer to call them--have been seriously underrated. Furthermore, I am not talking about having developing writers produce a species of literary criticism, explications of Joyce's texts. I have something more creative, and worthwhile, to propose.

And I am almost certain that most of you by now have had enough theory, enough "sketching out." Your curiosity has been more than sufficiently piqued; you want a demonstration of how, exactly, Joyce can be brought into the developmental writing classroom, and of what, exactly, should be done with him once he is there. In short, you want at this point, and at this point I want to give you, a few specific examples of what I have extolled as the "efficacy of Joyce."

Let's begin with one of Joyce's beginnings: the first page of the first chapter of the central section of Ulysses. The first section of the novel is Stephen Dedalus's, the second primarily Leopold Bloom's, and the third entirely Molly Bloom's. I find the Bloom section and the Molly section much more useful for my purposes: Leopold and his wife are "real people," and so their interior monologue is relatively easy to follow; Stephen, at least until he meets Bloom, is somewhat of a pedantic boor, his interior monologue very verbose and often quite obscure. Prof. Tindall, I remember, avoided the Stephen chapters in Ulysses when teaching the novel because, as he never tired of reminding us, Stephen seemed to him the quintessential graduate student. (All of us in Prof. Tindall's seminar were graduate students, but, of course, we all managed to distance ourselves from Stephen's pedantry and insecurity.)

Bloom and Molly are not unlike our students in many ways, and their concerns are generally in line with theirs: sex, friendship, acceptance, making it through the day with a minimum of fuss and anxiety. In addition, Bloom and Molly are both outsiders in their world, as many of our students feel themselves to be at Brooklyn College: Bloom is Jewish on his father's side, Molly Spanish on her mother's. (Remember: the setting of Ulysses is one of the most provincial cities in Europe at the turn of the century--the population of Dublin was almost entirely Catholic, and xenophobia was epidemic.)

Students can also identify with Bloom and Molly in ways that at first seem less significant, but are actually more so. Joyce's focus is upon the everyday: upon ritual, routine, obligatory actions, gestures and words--some of them comforting, some onerous. On the first page of "Calypso"--on the first page of the Bloom section of Ulysses--we encounter Leopold making breakfast for Molly. (Theirs is an apparently liberated relationship for 1904; we learn just how liberated several chapters later when we realize that Molly this day is to begin a love affair with a friend of Leopold's and that Leopold has accepted the situation.)

The narrator describes Bloom going about the task of preparing Molly's breakfast:

Mr. Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. He liked thick giblet soup, nutty gizzards, a stuffed roast heart, liver slices fried with crustcrumbs, fried hencod's roes. Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine.

Kidneys were in his mind as he moved about the kitchen softly, righting her breakfast things on the humpy tray. Gelid light and air were in the kitchen but out of doors gentle summer morning everywhere. Made him feel a bit peckish. (54-55)

Just a list really; nothing all that unusual, despite the occasional Britishism and the somewhat self-conscious diction. This is an opportunity for students to learn new words and to engage in another, equally rewarding activity: drawing inferences about Bloom. (It is usually only the relatively poor or thrifty, in America anyway, who eat "the inner organs of beasts and fowls.") "Made him feel a bit peckish" is of course a sentence fragment, an "error": more significantly, it is a sign of change. In the sentences immediately following there are more fragments as well as continual shifts between the past tense, the tense of the narrative, and the present tense, that of the interior monologue.

Listen:

The coals were reddening.

Another slice of bread and butter: three, four: right. She didn't like her plate full. Right. He turned from the tray, lifted the kettle off the hob and set it sideways on the fire. It sat there, dull and squat, its spout stuck out. Cup of tea soon. Good. Mouth dry. The cat walked stiffly round a leg of the table with tail on high.

--Mkgnao!

--O, there you are, Mr. Bloom said, turning from the fire.

The cat mewed in answer and stalked again stiffly round a leg of the table, mewing. Just how she stalks over my writingtable. Prr. Scratch my head. Prr.

Mr. Bloom watched curiously, kindly, the lithe black form. Clean to see: the gloss of her sleek hide, the white button under the butt of her tail, the green flashing eyes. He bent down to her, his hands on his knees. (55)

James Joyce, a master of English prose, now seems to be writing at a level of grammatical and syntactical competence that would earn him a combined score of four, a failing grade, on the CUNY Writing Assessment Test.

What always amazes me when I present portions of Ulysses to developing writers, who are usually also considered inexpert readers, is how quickly they see what it took some literary critics--expert readers--almost a generation to see. Joyce is performing a kind of double writing: there are two voices speaking to us here. Sometimes it is the cunning prose of the narrative artist that we are reading; other times, and this happens more and more often, we are reading--or is it looking at? listening to?--Bloom's thoughts at the very instant he thinks them. We are doing in literature something that we cannot do in life: we are mind reading, and, at times, special privileged moments, we seem to be "soul reading."

So how do students move from reading--mind reading, especially--to writing? What sorts of assignments can be based upon something as arcane as direct interior monologue? First of all, let me emphasize that I present Joyce to my students the way I am presenting him to you--a piece, a small piece, at a time. One of the things that overwhelms all readers of Ulysses is its sheer bulk. (Even when I taught the novel to advanced students, I found that the only way to get them to read the text was to assign excerpts.) All that developing writers need of Joyce are small portions, such as those I have quoted. They already have two kinds of writing before them: the carefully wrought narrative

prose of a master craftsman, and the spontaneous, almost drowsy thoughts of a simple man, a regular guy: flawless sentences and sentence fragments (usually it is the verb that is missing). Grammar workbooks provide the student with models of complete sentences, give her a series of sentence fragments, and then ask her to turn the fragments into sentences. Well, Joyce can readily be made to function the same way, though we must provide the instruction he omitted in his ignorance of the uses to which his work would be put half a century later.

Sentence fragments: the stuff of Joyce's direct interior monologue by day. I say "by day" because at night we encounter another grammatical error--in some ways opposite to the first, but reflecting the same lack of respect for sentence boundaries. I am speaking of the run-on sentence, and here we move from near the beginning of Ulysses to its end: "Penelope"--Molly's interior soliloquy as she attempts to fall asleep (she has been awakened by Bloom's homecoming), and the longest run-on sentence in history (eighty pages in most editions). I would like to quote the end of this spectacular run-on, not only because it can serve as the basis for writing assignments, but because I regard it as one of the most beautiful sequences of prose in the English language:

the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes . . . O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used or shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him

down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume
 yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I
 said yes I will Yes. (782-83)

The first time I had a class of developing writers read this I had said nothing about where it came from. One student remarked as soon as he hit that final "Yes": "Hey, Prof. Lang. That lady sure does have some sexy thoughts going through her head." He was right of course--this is a very sensual piece of prose, and that it is seems one of the reasons for its strong appeal. But the remark I have quoted also points to one of the rationales for using Joyce to begin with: he is a great writer; his words stir us in a way that those in workbook exercises can't possibly. In addition, there is a stigma attached to fill-in-the-blank workbook exercises, while reading the works of Joyce is a sign of intellectual distinction. I am tempted to add that workbook exercises are just plain boring whereas Joyce is exhilarating; but one of you might remind me that Carl Jung claimed to be unable to get all the way through Ulysses because he kept falling asleep from boredom.

Thomas Wheeler, who once taught in the SEEK program at Brooklyn College, has written: "When students read this aloud, they come to natural pauses--short and long--and if they can't find where the commas and periods belong in the first reading, they read it again and do" (92). No:

Wheeler isn't talking about Molly's soliloquy, but what he says applies to it because by listening for her "natural pauses" a student can begin to regularize Molly's gigantic run-on. In addition, the student can rearrange the sentences he thus forms into coherent paragraphs, providing his own generalizations as topic sentences. The point is to make the assignments as active as possible, to combine grammatical correction with more creative manipulations. (Since every student is reading Joyce from a unique perspective, she will come up with a regularized paragraph or passage that differs from those of her classmates. Students are revising, which is a creative process, and not simply editing, which is a mechanical chore.)

So Joyce's direct interior monologue has value simply because it is so eccentric. By "correcting" Bloom's fragments and by "interrupting" Molly's run-on, students experience the movement from verbal thought to verbal expression, from relatively spontaneous articulations to carefully structured discourse. They can then write their own fragments and run-ons, in the style of Joyce's monologues, as a prewriting activity--as, in effect, a variation on "brainstorming" and "freewriting." (Later, Joyce's interior monologues can be used to demonstrate the rationale for, and the inevitability of, grammatical form and syntactical control. Bloom's thoughts, as we shall see, become more like written prose as his mind

becomes more active, as he moves beyond merely recording impressions to defining and generalizing from his experience.)

The teacher of developing writers can find in Joyce not only everything she may need, but much that simply cannot be found anywhere else. There is universal agreement on the need to teach developing writers how to formulate generalizations that can be used as thesis statements or topic sentences, and it is usually recommended that material which is both tightly controlled and inherently provocative be used to encourage generalizing. One of the most famous, or notorious, of the narrative elements in Ulysses is the list. Emerging in "Cyclops" and in "Circe" are amusing, often bizarre lists, which, presented piecemeal, function most effectively as pools of data, as stimuli, in exercises involving the formulating of generalizations. Sequences of direct interior monologue--the sentence fragments of Bloom's monologues, the run-on that is Molly's soliloquy--can be adapted in a similar fashion.

Robert Scholes, a writer both on composition and on Joyce--a scholar after my own heart, that is--has commented on one of the most outrageous lists in "Cyclops": it begins with "Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley. Lady Sylvester Elm-shade, Mrs. Barbara Lovebirch, Mrs. Poll Ash, Mrs. Holly Hazeleyes, Miss Daphne Bays, Miss Dorothy Canebrake, Mrs. Clyde Twelvetrees." A little later we hear of "Miss Blanche

Maple, Mrs. Maud Mahogany, Miss Myra Myrtle, Miss Priscilla Elderflower, Miss Bee Honeysuckle"; and so on, and so on (327). According to Scholes:

We quickly pick up the basic principles of these names--or we think we do. There is to be an appropriateness between the first and last names of these arboreal damsels which makes it amusing to consider them. Such names further down the list as "Miss Timidity Aspenall" or "Miss Grace Poplar" are constructed by animating an attribute of the tree names in the last name and deriving a first name from this attribute. Poplars are graceful and aspens quake. (And by extension, Miss rather than Mrs. is appropriate for them too.) . . . But this pattern is enriched by some others, which add a different kind of comedy to the list and complicate its syntagmatic relationships. (188-89)

Though they obviously can't go as far as Scholes does in drawing inferences, in formulating generalizations, my students, city slickers all, take the same direction through the linguistic bower Joyce has set before us. So if it is true that "Writing projects based on inference-drawing and conceptualization are easily adapted to almost any topic" (Lunsford 267), then why discriminate against Joyce in favor

of more "accessible" material when the material he provides makes inference-drawing and conceptualization irresistible?

My favorite lists are from "Circe"--in the stage directions that come with that play-within-a-novel. (I should mention that it is useful to type these lists as actual lists; that is, with each phrase or sentence beneath the preceding one. This simple manipulation of the typography, like the piecemeal presentation, the isolation of portions of the narrative, highlights the material and so renders it more conducive to the formulating of generalizations.) Here is a part of what is probably the most spectacular list in "Circe": these sentences and fragments are among the stage directions for a black mass (I have heeded my own advice with regard to typography):

Brimstone fires spring up.

Dense clouds roll past.

Heavy Gatling guns boom.

Pandemonium.

Troops deploy.

Gallop of hoofs.

Artillery.

Hoarse commands.

Bells clang.

Backers shout.

Drunkards bawl.

Whores screech.

Foghorns hoot.

Cries of valour.

Shrieks of dying.

Thieves rob the slain.

The midnight sun is darkened.

The earth trembles.

The dead of Dublin . . . arise and appear to many.

A chasm opens with a noiseless yawn. (598)

Students might be asked to brainstorm for words and phrases that could serve as the key elements in generalizations concerning this list. (Just as Joyce should be presented in portions of unintimidating size, so the creative manipulations of, and operations upon, his language should be a matter of discrete maneuvers.) Studying and probing a list from the black mass sequence in "Circe," developing writers quickly see that a hellish environment is being evoked, one with militaristic overtones. They then see the need for generalizations with subordinate clauses, because only by using subordination can they manage, and render even in general terms, the diversity they are confronted with. (Training in subordination does not necessarily have to proceed working with Joyce; in fact, I use Joycean lists to demonstrate the rationale for subordination.)

I want to describe an even more important service which Joyce can perform for our students. As his fiction

is for many writers--one thinks of Thomas Wolfe--it can become for developing writers a model. But I am using the word in a very particular sense. Let's return for a moment to the opening of "Calypso": remember, Bloom is preparing breakfast for Molly; he is alone, except, that is, for his cat. This is a sequence of interior monologue that focuses on that famous literary feline:

--Milk for the pussens, he said.

--Mrkgnao! the cat cried.

They call them stupid. They understand what we say better than we understand them. She understands all she wants to. Vindictive too. Wonder what I look like to her. Height of a tower? No, she can jump me.

--Afraid of the chickens she is, he said mockingly. Afraid of the chookchooks. I never saw such a stupid pussens as the pussens.

Cruel. Her nature. Curious mice never squeal. Seem to like it.

--Mrkgnao! the cat said loudly.

She blinked up out of her avid shameclosing eyes, mewling plaintively and long, showing him her milkwhite teeth. He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her eyes were green stones. Then he went to the dresser, took the

jug Hanlon's milkman had just filled for him,
 poured warmbubbled milk on a saucer and set it
 slowly on the floor. (55-56)

Notice: no longer is Bloom thinking entirely in fragments; now we have grammatically complete sentences as well. ("They" has no referent of course, but the context tells us that he is thinking of all cats.) Bloom's direct interior monologue becomes grammatical when his thinking becomes active, when he is speculating, generalizing. In this excerpt Bloom's thoughts are close to prose, and what the student is experiencing in encountering them right after the earlier direct interior monologue in "Calypso" is the movement from verbal chaos to verbal order; in fact, she is experiencing the inevitability of that movement as another movement takes place, that of the inquiring mind out into the external world. For the mind to grapple with an issue, to draw inferences with regard to it--even if that issue concerns only the peculiarities of a specific form of animal life--it requires, it automatically generates, grammar, abstraction, greater syntactical sophistication. Joyce not only renders the interior verbal world directly, but dramatizes, specifies, its various levels of operation: in effect, he shows us, reminds us, what it is like to move from being passive with regard to words to being active, from merely participating in linguistic rituals to originating linguistic occasions.

As I indicated earlier, Bloom's interior monologue--the sentence fragments, often single words--can be taken as, and often appears to be, a form of brainstorming. (The linguist I referred to characterizes the style of Bloom's monologue as "nominal," that is, as lacking finite verbs: Dahl 117). And Molly's soliloquy--a single run-on expanded through an almost rampant free association--can also, I think, serve paradigmatically, in that it can be regarded as a sort of ultimate freewriting. Joyce, then, teaches our developing writers how to begin; he shows them how to generate material, get words and phrases on the page in raw form. In short, Joyce is among other things, a course in prewriting. (Some of Joyce's notebooks have been published. Putting xeroxed excerpts from them alongside excerpts from the finished product is a very dramatic way to illustrate the opposite ends of the writing process spectrum. When I examined those notebooks at the British Library this summer, I was immediately reminded of the prewriting activities I had gotten my classes involved in. Joyce was a great "brainstormer," often listing words and phrases in his own form of shorthand. How he would then build upon that fragile scaffolding, revising continually, can be demonstrated to students through exposure to the succession of drafts and galley proofs.)

I want to end this paper by discussing where Joyce ended the writing process: with a prose of great economy and grace. By reading Joyce, and more importantly, by rewriting, re-creating Joyce in the ways I have been outlining, developing writers are doing in an unusual manner what we usually ask them to do. They are learning that writing is a process, a series of stages, no one of which can be skipped over; they are learning that a finished piece of prose must have certain characteristics, specific qualities: that to be truly finished and not just finished with it must meet criteria with respect to diction, grammar, syntax. There is, I think, no writer in the language as grammatically fastidious, as syntactically inventive, as Joyce: no writer with a better ear for the just word, the most alluring cadence.

So the more conventional prose of Dubliners and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man also offers rich material. But here it is "good writing"--tightly wrought prose--which is sought. Students can be given a piece of prose from which key words have been removed, and told to return each to its proper place, using a list of the excised words in random order. And they can be sensitized with regard to effective syntax as well as effective diction. Joyce's sentence and paragraph patterns can serve as exemplars of form, the student providing her own content. Of course,

exercises like these are offered in many popular composition texts: Scholes and Comley's The Practice of Writing, for example. The point is that no other writer, and perhaps no group of other writers, can match Joyce for sheer variety: his stylistic range extends from extreme simplicity to arabesque complexity, from the "scrupulous meanness" of Dubliners to the portmanteau language of Finnegans Wake. In short, for the sorts of exercises I have been describing, and for many others as well, Joyce provides everything that may be needed.

Almost all of the short stories in Dubliners can, I think, be read and understood by students in developmental courses. At last year's Conference I read a paper on how reader-response criticism can be adapted to the needs of the developing writer. I can think of no stories that would elicit stronger emotional and deeper intellectual responses than Joyce's. Joyce isn't relevant, you say, even though he may be accessible? Think again, please. He is an urban writer who focuses upon situations characteristic of cities and city dwellers, events rooted in the environment in which they occur. Need I remind you that "Counterparts" is a case study of child abuse? That "An Encounter" is about how a young boy responds to homosexual overtures being made to him by a particularly dirty old man?

As you know, the instructions given by the CWAT

examiners ask students to write from their own experience, which is, as you also know, usually pretty limited. Perhaps more than any other writer, Joyce made a lot out of a little; he wrote, copiously, from a fairly narrow range of experience, making what experience he did have count by approaching it from various perspectives and by embellishing it. Working in conjunction with Joyce in the ways I have been advocating teaches developing writers how to make the best of what they have, how to make their own experience count. Just as he focused almost obsessively upon Dublin at the turn of the century--the world he knew best, had experienced most vividly--so in their own search for content, for something to say worth saying, developing writers must also begin with "the daily bread of experience": become Joycean in their approach to the common realities of family, neighborhood, urban society. In identifying with Joyce, one of the most important writers in the language, developing writers feel important. In following his example when they write, they convince their readers that indeed they are.

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